

CENTRAL METHODIST CHURCH AND THE GREAT WAR

1914 - 1919



Memorial Service and Unveiling of Tablet

IN HONOR OF THE 204 WHO OFFERED
THEIR SERVICES, 36 OF WHOM
GAVE UP THEIR LIVES

SUNDAY, JULY 1st, 1923

CENTRAL METHODIST CHURCH, CALGARY, CANADA

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

IN Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie,
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

Foreword

From
REV. S. W. FALLIS, D.D.
Pastor from 1915 to 1919

Concerning Those Who Died Defending Our Liberties :

Your letter came to-day. It is April 9th. Central folk will guess with what emotion I undertake to comply with your request for a foreword in the Memorial Service programme. The pain of sacrifice and loss still contend with pride of achievement and possession. So weak are we, and, perhaps, so selfish.

It is not an easy thing you ask of me, to write concerning those who died defending our liberties, and yet, I may frankly say, I would have been very disappointed had I not been given a place in the service. Having together watched with breaking hearts the aisles and pews of our church emptied of its fine young manhood, we to-day, again together, proudly write their names permanently upon its walls. It is high honor to be thus associated in the thought of the beloved Central people, with these splendid men, whose faces ever look up at me from my office desk, providing constantly restraint and inspiration in the daily task, as wholesome and gallant a group of men as ever lived. It is fitting that we should remember them as we do. The memorial unveiled to-day is raised by loving and grateful hands, perishable tribute to the imperishable qualities of men who unostentatiously, and as a matter of course, as they had always done, took up the nearest duty and went out, in a very real sense, not knowing whether they went, or to what, their souls crying out the while against the unspeakable horrors and cruelties of war. We know this tablet can add nothing to the glory of their, unreluctant, indeed, eager service it can but reflect our love and pride. The high achievements of these our heroic dead, in the time of the world's great need, have exalted them beyond the power of artist or orator to portray, indeed, I sometimes think, beyond the power of our minds to comprehend. Who will venture to think that he appreciates to the full what these young men have been, and accomplished? Nothing nobler or more appropriate has ever been said upon such occasion as this, than was uttered by the immortal Lincoln at Gettysburg. "But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated to the unfinished work which they who fought have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation shall have a new birth of freedom,"—this nation—and the world.

66.8.25/5

Foreword

From
Rev. Charles A. Sykes, B.D.
Pastor from 1910 to 1924

Dear Comrades of the Great War:

Welcome back to Home and loved ones, to Canada and the new world you did so much to make possible.

We desire to place on permanent record our humble appreciation of your noble response to "the rude alarm of war" that sounded through our land now nearly nine years ago.

The ancient world had become possessed by demons of greed and lust, selfishness and corruption, until it was going rapidly to self-destruction. As one of our poets pictured it:

"On that hard Roman world
What secret loathing fell,
Sated lust and deep disgust
Made human life a hell."

A young Man, the greatest lover of humanity and of the things that make life worth living, buckled on his armour and came to our earth. At the cost of His life He waged war with the Prince of the Power of the Air and overcame all diabolical forces, making possible the rule of the Will of God among men, reviving faith where hope had lain laid down its head to die.

The closing years of the nineteenth century and the first decade of the twentieth, witnessed a marvellous development in our modern world of the great fact of the unity of human life, and the urgent necessity of the evangelization of all nations with the teachings and principles of Jesus. Our prophets envisioned and our poets sang of the fast coming day that would bring in "the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World." The contagion of this enthusiasm of hope and faith and love for humanity made an inspiring time for all noble souls.

"Before them shone a glorious world,
Fresh as a banner bright unfurled
To music suddenly."
"Bless was it in that dawn to be alive,
And to be young was very heaven."

But, alas! like a bolt from the blue, came the discovery to all, of what had been foreseen only by the few, that one of the foremost nations of this enlightened age had been secretly organizing its whole life around the idea that

"Might is Right." It had built up the greatest and best equipped army and a most formidable navy with which to execute its "Will to Power" and dominate the world by force. In the fullness of its conscious power it was easy for it to find a *casus belli*, and the conduct of the war it waged was as unscrupulous and as ruthless as the occasion of it.

Thus to the horror and amazement of a world, otherwise so swiftly coming

under Christian ideals, it was apparent that a large part of it was still Pagan.

The hour of the clash of these ideals had struck and in that hour you and yours were not found wanting. Instinctively the young manhood and womanhood of the allied nations felt this was to be a war of opposing ideals of life, and that the demons of greed and hate and material force must be exorcised at any cost of blood and treasure. And so, counting not even your own lives too dear, you went forth to the conflict. The fearful events of those long drawn out years are indelibly embedded in all our memories, even though now at times they seem to constitute a dreadful nightmare.

You have seen many of your comrades fall by your side and fade away from the ranks, and when we recall how day and night you kept "rendezvous with death" on land and sea and in the air, we sometimes wonder that any of you were spared to return. We join with you and your loved ones today again in rendering thanks to Almighty God for thus giving you back to us and them. And in honor of your heroic and sacrificial service for God and Home and Country we have placed this memorial tablet in the church from which you went to the war.

"O ye that saved the land! Ah yes, and ye
That bless its saving! Neither need forget
The price our destiny did of both demand
Toil, want, wounds, prison, and the lonely sea
Of tears at home, Oh, look on these! And yet
Before the human fail you quick! Your hand!"

"For much remains
To conquer still, Peace hath her victories,
No less renowned than War, new foes arise,
Threatening to bind our souls with other chains."



List of Dead

John H. Addinell
Frederick S. Albright

Harold E. Barss
Percy D. S. Broad
T. Harold Broad
W. Edward L. Broad
Richard A. Brocklebank

Cyril R. Card
Ivan M. Carson
Mervyn J. Connon

Cecil W. Duke
Walter B. Dunham

Everett B. J. Fallis

Howard E. Galloway
Victor M. Galloway
Magnus Gilbertson
Wilbur Greer

Charles Jones

John Kempton

George L. Lewis
J. Oscar Lloyd

Alva E. Metcalfe
W. L. Mooney
Alfred Moseley
James S. McBride
Norman H. McFarlane
P. A. McKay
W. Highland McSpadden

Robert T. S. Page
Edward C. Peters
Herbert S. Peters
H. Sterling Polley
William H. Pue

W. Douglas Skitch

H. N. Thiel
George W. Tisdale

Order of Service

SUNDAY MORNING, JULY FIRST, 1923

Organ Prelude

The Lord's Prayer

Hymn 578 "Peace Perfect Peace"

Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin,
The Blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed,
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows' singing round,
Our Jesus' bosom-nought but calm is found.

Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away,
In Jesus' keeping we are safe and they.

Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown,
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours,
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

Peace, perfect peace, earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace. Amen

Prayer

Rev. CHARLES A. SYKES, B.D., Pastor

Anthem

What are These That are Arrayed in White Robes?

Slaves

Hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah!
What are these that are arrayed in white robes,
And whence came they?
These are they which came out of great tribulation,
And have washed their robes,
And made them white
In the blood of the Lamb
Therefore are they before the throne of God

And serve Him day and night in His temple,
They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more,
Neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat,
For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne,
Shall feed them and shall lead them into living fountains of waters,
And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

Scripture—Psa. 46

1 God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

2 Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea:

3 Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.

4 There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the most High.

5 God is in the midst of her, she shall not be moved, God shall help her, and that right early.

6 The heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved: he uttered his voice, the earth melted.

7 The Lord of hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge.

8 Come, behold the works of the Lord, what desolations he hath made in the earth.

9 He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth, he breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder, he burneth the chariot in the fire.

10 Be still, and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth.

11 The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.

Announcements

Offertory

Shubert's Serenade

50th B.V.S.

Male Quartette

"Still Still with Thee"

MESSRS. GARNER, FAWCETT, HORNER AND NEWTON

"Still, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh

When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee

Ere'er than morning, lovelier than the daylight

Day's sweet consciousness, I am with Thee"

"When sinks the soul, subdued by toil to slumber,

Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer,

Sweet the repose beneath Thy wings over-shading,

But sweeter still to wake and find Thee there"

"Alone with Thee, and the mystic shadows

The solemn hush of nature newly-born,

Alone with Thee in breathless adoration

In the calm dew and freshness of the morn"

"So shall it be at last, at that bright morning,

When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee

Oh, in that hour fairer than daylight dawning

Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with Thee."

Unveiling of the Memorial Tablet

MESSRS. A. M. PETERS AND J. H. GALLOWAY

BRIEFMASTER A. H. BELL, C.M.G., D.S.O., General Officer Commanding

Military District No. 13

Reading of the Names of the Dead

F. L. SHOULDRICE, M.C.

formerly Captain Princess Patricia Canadian Light Infantry

Solo

"Thou'rt Passing Hence"
MR. A. E. GARNER

Sullivan

Thou'rt passing hence, my brother!
Oh! my earliest friend, farewell!
Thou'rt leaving me, without thy voice,
In a lonely home to dwell.
And from the hills, and from the heath,
And from the household tier,
With thee departs the angling mirth,
The brightness goes with thee
But thou, my friend, my brother!
Thou'rt speeding to the shore,
Where the dirge-like tone of parting words
Shall smite the soul no more!
And thou wilt see our holy dead,
The lost of earth and man;
Into the sheaf of knitted hearts,
Thou wilt be bound again!

The Last Post.

50th BATTN. BUFF. BAND

Dead March in Saul

Händel

Hymn 581

"Tore all the Saints who from their labours rest"

For all the saints who from their labours rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world they
Praise, Thy Name, O Jesus, be for ever blest.
Alleluia!
Thou wast their Rock, their Portree, and
their Might,
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-
fought fight;
Thou in the darkness shelt their one true
Light.
Alleluia!
O Jesus, Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and
bold,
Fought as they saw thee who, our Knight of
old,
And won with them the victor's crown of
gold.
Alleluia!
O blessed communion! fellow-ships divine!
We fight as they did, neath the holy sign,
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.
Alleluia!

Address

National Anthem

Benediction with Choral Amen

Silent Prayer

Organ Postlude

Then tell our white-haired father,
That in the paths he trod,
The child he loved, the last on earth,
Yet walks and worships God
Say, that his last fond blessing yet
Rests on my soul like dew,
And by its hallowing might I trust
Once more his face to view.
And tell our gentle mother,
That on her grave I pour
The sorrows of my spirit forth,
As on her breast of yore.
Happy thou art that soon, how soon,
Our good and bright will see!
Oh, brother, brother! may I dwell,
Ever long, with them and Thee!

And, when the strife is fierce, the warfar,
long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are
strong.
Alleluia!

The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon, to faithful warriors comes
their rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the best
Alleluia!

But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious
day,
The hosts triumphant rise in bright array,
The King of glory passes on His way.
Alleluia!

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's
farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl, streams in the
countless host,
Singing to Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Alleluia!

REV. CHARLES A. SYKES, B.D., Pastor

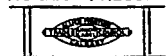
LEADER THE BUFF. BAND

MR. J. BERESFORD

Organist and Choirmaster



MCARA PRESSES



CALGARY - ALTA.